

# Every day will have big events this week

Great Men! Interesting Programs! Splendid Entertainments!

## THE NATIONAL CORN EXPOSITION

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wedn'sday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
<b>Sabbath Program</b> Sacred Concert By Green's Band 2:00 p. m. Oratorio Society Presents Handel's "The Messiah" 4:00 p. m.	<b>Tri-City Day</b> Council Bluffs Program 2 p. m. South Omaha Program 8:00 p. m.	<b>Grain Dealer's Day</b> Boards of Trade from Chicago, Kansas City, St. Paul, Minneapolis and Des Moines Will Attend in a Body. Special Programs.	<b>Railroad Day</b> Special Program Implement Dealer's Conven- tion. Jacob Gould Schurman, Pres. Cornell Univer- sity will deliver an address 10:30 a. m.	<b>Old Country Day</b> Swedish Program, 10:30 a. m. Bohemian Pro- gram, 11:30 a. m. Scotch, 12:30 p. m. Joint Program of All Nations at 2:30 p. m. Singing Societies.	<b>Live Stock Day</b> Address by Ex-Senator J. M. Carey, of Wyoming. Address by A. C. Shallen- berger.	<b>Ak-Sar-Ben Day</b> Spectacular Program and Indian Wedding. W. J. Bryan will Speak at 2. p. m.

The most remarkable exhibition of corn, grains and grasses the world has ever seen

SEE	SEE	SEE	SEE	SEE	SEE
The 10 ears of corn that won \$2,200 in premiums.	The Moving Picture Show. Pictures taken especially for the exposition at a cost of over \$3,000.	The college and experiment station exhibits, the results of work and study of the best men and best minds in agriculture.	The Denatured Alcohol Exhibit of the government, installed at a cost of \$10,000.	Thousands of exhibits that show what common sense farming is producing.	The most complete exhibit of agricultural machinery ever shown under one roof.

50c admits you to everything—concerts, moving picture show and all the buildings and exhibits. Children 25c. FREE BAND CONCERTS—Delightful concerts every afternoon and evening in concert hall.

Auction sale of prize corn and grain, every day, 4 p. m., beginning Tuesday, Dec. 15

Every part of the exposition is thoroughly heated—40 big furnaces.

Gate open from 8:00 a. m. to 11 p. m.

Main entrance—15th and Howard

### SANTA CLAUS ON SEA LEGS

Distant and Lonely Sailor Men on His Visiting List.

### DIVERSIONS IN NARROW LIMITS

Holiday Life on Warship in Port and at Sea—Entertainment on Ship and on Shore.

Christmas at sea! To the landsman busy with holly wreaths and toys for the little ones the words conjure up only a dreary vision of green, plunging seas, a lonely ship and a line of homesick, hungry sailors along the rail or gathered in a dimly lighted forecastle dolefully recalling the joys of the past. But the old man-o-war's crew sees a very different picture rise before him as memory paints in vivid colors the mirth and jollity of Christmas day aboard one of Uncle Sam's floating forts. Santa Claus is a good sailor, and never forgets to include the navy in his visiting list. There is no port too far away, no sea too remote for him to fail promptly to be on hand on Christmas morning. The little fleet at the masthead and the yards of brilliant bunting and starry flags tell of the mirth and jollity of Christmas day aboard one of Uncle Sam's floating forts. Santa Claus is a good sailor, and never forgets to include the navy in his visiting list. There is no port too far away, no sea too remote for him to fail promptly to be on hand on Christmas morning. The little fleet at the masthead and the yards of brilliant bunting and starry flags tell of the mirth and jollity of Christmas day aboard one of Uncle Sam's floating forts.

At one Christmas dinner ashore in the Philippines a party of bluejackets from one of our warships enjoyed a regular native feast—chicken fried in coconut oil, onion omelets, the famous olla podrida, or Spanish stew, in which dried fish, rice, potatoes, garlic, carabao steak and red peppers are the principal ingredients, and also little brown cakes of grasshopper flour dipped in honey. These were untouched, as no American present was free from the Occidental prejudice against eating insects.

Liberty on shore. In port sailors are allowed to spend the afternoon visiting friends, and wind up the evening at the theater, but if the ship is under way the men read, tell stories, sing songs and write letters home. Various games are indulged in, such as wrestling, boxing, potato races, sack races, etc. There is always plenty of amateur talent aboard, and the day is often celebrated with a minstrel show given with snap and go which would put many professionals to the blush.

But the best part of Christmas, the real Christmas part, is the arrival of the box from home, and is the ship's company which is on the high seas where mail and express packages cannot be delivered in time for Christmas day. Many boxes are sent weeks ahead with loving forethought, and these are kept by the executive officer until Christmas Eve, when they are given to the delighted tars to whom they are addressed.

Oh, those Christmas boxes! What loving hands have packed them, and what joyful surprises are hidden in them! There is the very atmosphere of home in the small of the rich brown crumblers and flaky pies, and the gentle touch of mother's fingers in the "feel" of the home-knitted mittens and little comforts a sailor never thinks of buying himself, but is very glad to have, and at the very bottom of the box, glistening like imprisoned topazes or

rubies, there is sure to be a jar or two of mother's preserved pears or peaches or cherries. With the true spirit of camaraderie, nowhere so strong as on the sea, the lucky sailor shares his goodies with less fortunate friends, and an extra feast concludes the day's festivities. Everybody goes to his hammock in a happy, contented frame of mind, and if some member of the watch below rides a nightmare and wakes the rest of the crew with his groans and cries, nobody grumbles, for Father Christmas has visited the ship and blessed it with peace and good will.

Merriment on British Ships. On board a British man-o-war the day is observed with great merriment and a considerable slackening of naval discipline at all other times so rigorous. Officers and men mingle together, and hearty expressions of good will and Christmas greetings resound from quarterdeck to forecabin. The day is begun at 12:30 a. m., with the usual routine of scrubbing and scouring, followed by breakfast at 8 o'clock. Quarters are sounded off at 9 precisely and all the men fall in for inspection, as on Sunday, after which church is rigged and a short service held.

Then comes the great ceremony of the messes, when the captain and officers visit the messes on the lower deck. The tables are artistically decorated with flowers—paper, if real ones are not obtainable—and adorned with photographs and small flags. The petty officers of the messes and leading seamen stand at the heads of the different messes holding plates that they pass to the lower deck. The tables are shaking hands with them and wishing them a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. It is, of course, impossible to take from all the plates, but it is Christmas etiquette for the officers to sample a dish at every mess. A perfect babel of voices fills the deck—"Merry Christmas, sir, just take a little of this, sir," or "Try this, sir, real Yorkshire pudding, sir," or "My mother sent this, sir, all the way from Devon, sir."

In the afternoon general leave is given, and there are sports ashore, and boat races with the crews of other ships. The hands hoisted aboard amuse themselves by getting their photographs taken to send home. The different messes are also photographed in groups, also the foot ball teams and cutters' crews, a photograph of each kind always being given to the young midly in charge of the boats. Some of the popular officers on some ships are "chaired" around the lower deck, but usually this ceremony is sternly suppressed now, as being very unpleasant for the officer himself, as well as too great a breach of discipline. Some commanders allow it, however, but they belong to what is known in the British navy as the "popularity Jack class."

To patriotic people who like to make somebody happy at Christmas time, but have no dear ones in the service of Old Glory, the suggestion is offered that it would be a good idea to pack a box of good things and send it to a warship's commander, with the request that it be given on Christmas morning to some blue-jacket who has been forgotten by Santa Claus.

to making little knickknacks herself. These she gave to the capable village women who could make them better themselves. One old woman received one of these worthless little gifts accompanied by a greeting of love. Holding the present up scornfully, she said: "Humph! More love than anything else!" Perhaps this remark and others like it reached the ears of the one-time lady bountiful. The next Christmas she gave no presents to the village people. She explained to a friend that the people were ungrateful, that Christmas was become a sordid farce, and she should have nothing to do with it. Was this woman right? Had Christmas become sordid or had she?

Beware lest your condemnation of Christmas be a condemnation of yourself! If you look upon Christmas through sordid eyes it will appear sordid. If you are commercialized, your Christmas will be commercialized. If you are selfish, your giving will be joyless. Joyless giving is a farce, a hypocritical farce! You may part with gifts—you won't give them.

Scrooge looked upon Christmas as a nuisance. It was a business loss. He must grudgingly close his office; he must give Tiny Tim's threadbare father a holiday. He saw Christmas through the eyes of greed. His heart was as cold as his hearthstone, his Christmas as cold as his heart. After Old Marley's ghost had brought him a new heart, was Christmas changed? Was it any less a business loss, any less a nuisance? His new heart had brought him new eyes. He no longer looked upon Christmas with the eyes of greed. He looked upon it with the eyes of love—love for his fellowmen. He looked upon it as the day of great opportunity—not opportunity to shut up his office and walk in his house, opportunity to do good—to make people happy—to make himself happy. He gave not as joyless duty, but as a joyful privilege. Do you want to be like the old Scrooge or the new Scrooge?

WHAT CLEVER HANDS CAN DO Remembrances Fashioned at Home Counted as Treasures. Dainties in Calendar Line Skill and Taste Combined Work Wonders with Economical Materials—Various Articles in the Making.

Where there's a will and the zest to lighten the task many ways can be found to turn out remembrances of the day cordain to be more appreciated than the average purchased gift. It is surprising what can be done by the ingenious girl with no more costly materials than white unruled paper, some heavy cardboard, scraps of wall paper or cretonne, a paint box or tube of gilt, a tally punch and baby ribbon. Dainty personal calendars may be made that are appropriate to some decided taste of the one who is to receive it. Thus for a music lover one could cover a piece of stiff cardboard, six inches, with flowered wall paper or plain gilt paper, leaving a two-inch space at top on which are pasted a row of tiny portraits of the great musicians cut from a magazine. Insert the pictures so that the gilt paper forms a frame. Make or buy a tablet of 365 sheets of plain white paper that fits the mount below the row of portraits. On the lower half of each of these sheets put the day of the week and date, while above it write, or, better yet, typewrite, a quotation bearing on music or musicians, some biographical fact about the great composers, or

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some sentence from their writings or well-known musical motif. Any date that is connected with a great musician should also be noted, as birthdays, day of death, or time of their first recognition. The papers can either be bound with paper and pasted to the mount, or holes can be punched and ribbons tied through both. A Sunday Calendar. A Sunday calendar exclusively is a useful gift both for a religious friend and the writer on a weekly paper who is always forgetting dates. For the former make a pasteboard mount covered with birchbark. Paste a Madonna or other religious picture at the top and cut fifty-two slips of white paper to fit below the picture. Write on each slip the date and an appropriate quotation from the Bible or some noted religious writer. Arrange slips as a calendar pad, punch holes through the upper corners of the pad and just below the picture, over the mount, put two other holes at the top of the mount and lace the ribbon through in such a way as to secure the pad and leave a loop for hanging. For the newspaper friend make a mount of cardboard an inch bigger all around than a pad of ordinary writing paper. Cover with a remnant of silk, pasted from the back to the front. As a border on the run inch-wide galloon or flowered ribbon. Take a sheet of unruled writing paper for each month and on the lower half write dates of each Sunday in the month. Letter in red ink or gilt paint. In the upper corner of each sheet paste the portrait of a noted newspaper writer and underneath write a quotation, either humorous or helpful, bearing on the journalist's life. Put the twelve sheets together in proper

calendar form and tie them to the colored mount with tiny bows of baby ribbon at the upper corner. Hooks may be pasted on the back of this calendar, or it can be furnished with a stiff piece of pasteboard for a standard. A Kitchen Calendar. The domestic friend or the girl who has just been married would be delighted with a booklet made from unruled tablet paper and tied into book form between cardboard backs, neatly covered with gay chints or water color paper. If the latter is used, a narrow gilt line can be painted as a border and on the front can be lettered, "What Mother Used to Make" or "Favorite Dishes." There should be a page for each day of the year, and on each one should be clearly written a time-tested recipe that cannot be found in a printed cook book. A recipe can be written on each side of a sheet, or, if it seems better to use only one side, on the opposite blank page could go menus for different meals, quotations about eating and odd bits of culinary information. A Pretty Christmas Gift that can be made by a girl for her mother is a cover for a jewel case to be used while traveling. With the utmost care a case finished in soft leather, velvet or satin becomes scratched or marred while being carried, and the detachable cover prevents this, at the same time making the case less conspicuous. Heavy russet colored linen or silk or suede may be chosen, and a paper pattern of the box be cut carefully. This is easily done by making the two ends separate, that is to say, two for the top part and two for the bottom. One piece may go from the opening of the box, underneath across the bottom, up the back and over the top to the front opening. Should it be necessary to place these it must be done on a line with the angle of the case. In cutting it should be remembered that the slip cover must be a trifle larger than the box in order to go on easily. The end pieces should be basted to the one long piece in such way as to shape it at once like the case, the seams outside. These are to be bound, stitching them on the machine unless one is clever with edgework and prefers to hold the edges with fancy stitching. All the raw edges at the top and bottom opening must be bound to finish in similar manner, either with the goods or ribbon. Monogram or crest may be worked on the top. Ribbon on the front will hold the cover together when tied in a bow, or if suede has been chosen straps of the same would be better. This must be done by a harness maker. If there is a handle at the top of the case a slit should be made in the cover to allow of its coming through. The slit should then be bound.

### BACK TO THE OLD HOME

Aged and Deceitful, a Lost Husband Comes Back to Wife After Thirty-Two Years.

Residents of East Newark, N. J., learned the other day that after an absence of thirty-two years Thomas J. Malloy, for a quarter of a century considered dead, had returned to his family at 519 Third street. The house was that of his daughter, Mrs. Julian Jova, whom he last saw as a baby. Mrs. Malloy answered a knock at the front door a few days ago, and opening the door, saw an aged decrepit man standing there. She asked him what he wanted. "Are you Mrs. Malloy, still?" "I am," she said. Then he disclosed his identity and got a welcome. He was liv-

ing at El Paso, Tex., when he learned by chance of his wife's address.

Mr. and Mrs. Malloy separated thirty-two years ago, while they were living at Newton, N. J., where he worked as a carpenter. Work was scarce and he decided to go to the west to earn a living there. He was unable to take his wife and two children and left them. He was not successful in the west and wandered from place to place. After five years letters from him ceased to reach his wife, the last coming from Denver. He failed to hear from her, and finally she made up her mind that he was dead. She went to work herself, prospered and educated her children.—New York Tribune.

### HOW I MADE MY HAIR GROW

Woman With Marvelously Beautiful Hair Gives Simple Home Prescription Which She Used With Most Remarkable Results.

I was greatly troubled with dandruff and falling hair. I tried many advertised hair preparations and various prescriptions, but they all signally failed; many of them made my hair greasy so it was impossible to comb it or do it up properly. I think that many of the things I tried were positively injurious and from my own experience I cannot too strongly caution you against using preparations containing wood alcohol and other poisonous substances. I believe they injure the roots of the hair. After my long list of failures I finally found a simple prescription which I used with most remarkable results and I can unhesitatingly state that it is beyond doubt the most wonderful thing for the hair I have ever seen. Many of my friends have also used it and obtained wonderful effects therefrom. It not only is a powerful stimulant to the growth of the hair and for restoring gray hair to its natural color, but it is equally good for removing dandruff, giving the hair life and brilliancy, etc., and for the purpose of keeping the scalp in first-class condition. It also makes the hair much easier to comb and arrange in nice form. I have a friend who used it two months and during that time it not only stopped the falling of his hair, but it wonderfully increased its growth, but it practically restored all of his gray hair to its natural color. You can obtain the ingredients for making this wonderful preparation from almost any druggist. The prescription is as follows:

Bay Rum, 4 oz.; Menthol crystal, one-half drachm; Lavone de Compose, 2 oz.; To-Kalon perfume, 1 to 2 teaspoonfuls. Apply night and morning; rub thoroughly into the scalp. Do to your hair, and ask for the eight-ounce bottle containing six ounces of Bay Rum, also one-half drachm of Menthol crystal, and for a two-ounce bottle of Lavone de Compose. Mix the ingredients yourself at your own home. Add the Menthol crystal to the Bay Rum and then pour in the Lavone de Compose, and add the To-Kalon perfume. Let it stand for one-half hour and it is ready to use.

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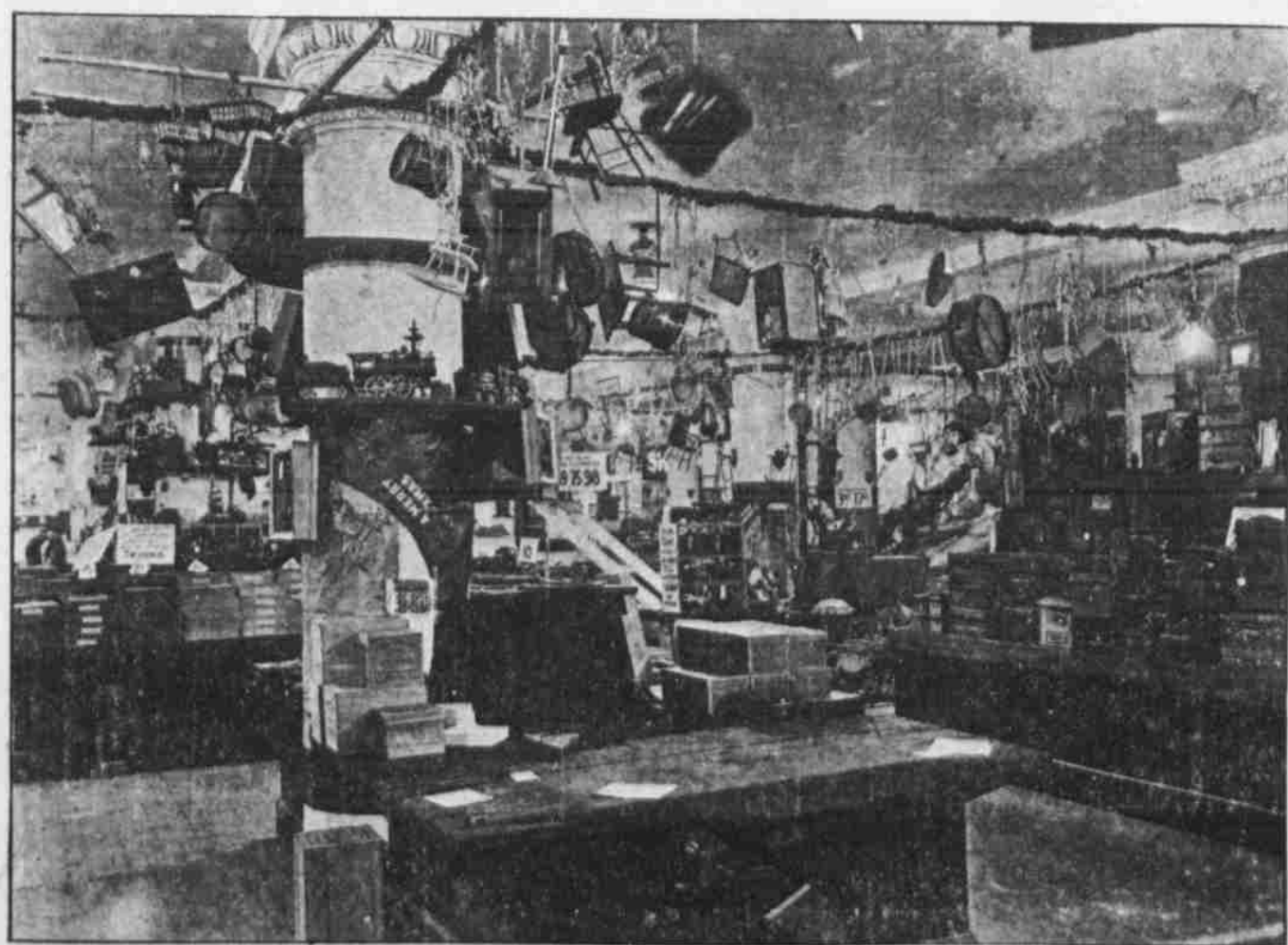
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NO END TO THE VARIETY.